WOLVERINE ORIGINS™

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WAY
DILLON

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WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

The mutant Wolverine has spent a century fighting those who would manipulate him for his unique powers—savage claws, heightened senses, and a healing factor capable of miracles. After repeated brainwashing, torture, and reprogramming, Wolverine's past was as much a mystery to him as anyone.

When those long lost memories finally returned to him, Wolverine set out on a mission to punish the conspirators who had wronged him. But in the midst of that mission, he discovered that he has a son, Daken, under the control of the same shadowy forces he was tracking. While trying to retrieve the one weapon capable of negating Daken's healing factor, the carbonadium synthesizer, Wolverine was accosted and defeated in battle by his son. When Wolverine's old foe Cyber showed up, Daken managed to escape, leaving the two to fight it out. In the midst of battle, Cyber suffered a heart attack, but Wolverine decided to help his enemy live, in order to learn all he can about the organization that has been pulling his strings for so many years.

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SOMEWHERE IN EASTERN EUROPE.

BEGIN.

SWIFT AND TERRIBLE

CONCLUSION

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HHRRRR...

YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SPECIAL... THAT YOU'RE BETTER THAN EVERYBODY ELSE.

BUT DEEP DOWN, YOU'RE JUST A *WILD ANIMAL*, CHEWIN' AT THE BARS OF HIS CAGE.

JUST LIKE *ME*...

...AN' JUST LIKE YOUR *FATHER*.

NO, I...I'M NOT--

PROVE IT.

YAAHHH!

"THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY IS MY FRIEND."

KRAK!

LITTLE HELP?

GUESS THAT MEANS I GOT *A LOTTA FRIENDS.*

GUHHHH...

...AND *WHY* WOULD I DO THIS?

YOU *DO* KNOW WHO I AM, RIGHT?

OH, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN INTIMIDATE ME...

OR THREATEN ME...

...YOU'RE MISTAKEN. I AM BEYOND THOSE THINGS. THERE IS NOTHING LEFT ON THIS EARTH THAT I FEAR TO LOSE.

YEAH, BUT YER STICKIN' AROUND, *ANYWAY*...SO MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHIN' YOU STILL *WANT*.

AN' MAYBE *I'M* THE GUY THAT CAN *GIVE* IT TO YA.

ME AN' *THE TINKERER* WORK OUT A DEAL AN' HE GOES TO WORK.

FIRST ORDER O' BUSINESS IS DOPIN' UP THE PATIENT-- WHICH IS FINE BY ME...

...JUST SO LONG AS HE CAN STILL TALK.

SMAKK!

THE *NAME.*

YOU WERE 'BOUT TO GIMME A *NAME.*

HUDSON.

RING ANY BELLS?

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

JAMES AN' HEATHER HUDSON.

DEPARTMENT H.

YEAH.

THOUGHT IT WOULD.

"HUDSON WAS THE GUY RUNNING THE SHOW UP THERE."

"'THE SHOW'?"

"YEAH.

"THE TRAINING FACILITY."

YOU HAVE A... UNIQUE ABILITY, MR. BURR.

SOMEHOW, YOU'RE ABLE TO PUSH MEN BEYOND THEIR MORAL BOUNDARIES, GET THEM TO DO THINGS THAT OTHERWISE, THEY WOULD OR COULD NOT DO.

LIKE *MURDER.*

AND *TORTURE.*

YEAH, WELL...I WAS JUST HELPIN' 'EM TO DO THEIR *JOBS* BETTER.

I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

BECAUSE THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO *HERE...*

...FOR ONE MAN, IN PARTICULAR.

SO...THIS A *MILITARY* OPERATION?

OF SORTS.

YOU WILL REPORT *DIRECTLY* TO ME, PERIODICALLY, AND ONLY IN PERSON.

NEVER WRITE ANYTHING DOWN.

WHOA... SLOW DOWN. I NEVER SAID I AGREED TO--

YOU HAVE FREE REIN TO *"TRAIN"* THESE MEN IN ANY WAY YOU SEE FIT, WITHOUT ANY FEAR OF REPRISAL OR REPERCUSSION.

BEING THE KIND OF MAN YOU ARE, WHY WOULD YOU *NOT* AGREE, MR. BURR?

OH, I'LL *DO* IT.

THE ONLY QUESTION IS, HOW MUCH ARE YOU GONNA *PAY* ME?

SEE MY ASSOCIATE.

HELLO, MR. BURR...

...MY NAME IS *JANET.*

JANET WAS...

WORKING WITH...

WHAT DID YOU *THINK* SHE WAS DOING THERE?

I THOUGHT SHE WAS JUST... PART OF THE--

--PART OF THE *PROGRAM?* YEAH, EXACTLY.

YOU STILL HAVEN'T PUT THAT PART TOGETHER? THEY WERE *ALL* PART OF THE PROGRAM--ALL OF THE WOMEN FROM YOUR PAST. YOU THINK IT'S A *COINCIDENCE* THAT THEY ALL DIED?

YOU KILLED HER!

YEAH. I DID.

UNDER ORDERS.

HOW IS HE PROGRESSING?

OH, I'VE GOT HIM WOUND UP *PRETTY TIGHT*...

AND WHAT ABOUT HIM AND *JANET?* ARE THEY--?

YEAH.

GOOD... *VERY* GOOD.

KILL HER.

...BUT I THOUGHT SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO KEEP LOGAN UNDER CONTROL--?

WAS I *UNCLEAR* WHEN I GAVE YOU YOUR ASSIGNMENT, MR. BURR?

WE DON'T WANT HIM TO BE *UNDER CONTROL*-- WE WANT HIM TO BE WHAT HE *IS:*

AN *ANIMAL*, BORN AND BRED TO *KILL.*

THE ONLY MEASURE OF *CONTROL* WE WANT TO ESTABLISH-- THE ONE THING WE WANT HIM TO LEARN AND *NEVER FORGET*...

IS THAT IF HE EVER *STOPS* BEING *THE PREDATOR HE IS MEANT TO BE*, IF HE EVER TRIES TO BE *ANYTHING ELSE*, LIKE A *MAN*...

IF HE EVER TRIES TO *REACH OUT TO ANYONE*...

...THAT PERSON *WILL DIE.*

"IT'S A *CONTROL MECHANISM*, LOGAN... CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?

"EVERY TIME ONE OF YOUR WOMEN WAS KILLED, IT WAS TO EITHER SHUT YOU UP...

"...OR SET YOU OFF.

"AND THE ORDER ALWAYS CAME FROM THE VERY TOP."

AND WHO...

...IS AT THE TOP?

I DON'T KNOW.

"BUT YOUR *KID* DOES."

"YOU TRAINED HIM-- *WHAT'S* HIS CONTROL MECHANISM?"

"HE DOESN'T HAVE ONE...NEVER *NEEDED* IT.

"HE'S LIKE ME-- HE *LIKES* WHAT HE DOES."

DAKEN. WHERE IS HE NOW?

WHERE. IS. HE. NOW?

DON'T KNOW.

HE AIN'T LYIN'.

HE REALLY DOESN'T KNOW.

YOU SAID YOU COULD *TRACK* HIM--

I CAN.

USUALLY, BUT...

I'M GETTING *SOMETHING*, BUT IT'S...

DARK...

"I DON'T THINK EVEN *HE* KNOWS WHERE HE IS."

...TELL HIM... TELL HIM THAT I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON...

NO, YOU HAVEN'T.

STAY *AWAY* FROM YOUR FATHER.

BUT HE--

STAY--

SRUAKK!

--AWAY FROM HIM!

UNTIL HE'S DONE DOIN' WHAT OUR MASTER *WANTS* HIM TO DO.

THE DEVICE IS READY.

THAT WAS FAST.

IT IS A SIMPLE MECHANISM.

WHAT ABOUT THE *OTHER* THINGS I WANTED?

ALSO COMPLETE.

AND EVEN MORE SIMPLE.

SHALL I BEGIN THE PROCEDURE?

A DEAL'S A DEAL...

HRRNN...

WHAT...?

WHAT THE HELL IS *THIS?*

ESSENTIALLY? A *PACEMAKER.*

OBVIOUSLY, DUE TO THE FACT THAT YOUR BODY IS ENCASED IN ADAMANTIUM, THERE WAS NO POSSIBILITY OF *IMPLANTING* THE DEVICE.

WHY DIDN'T YOU PAINT A *BULL'S-EYE* ON IT?

I BEG YOUR--?

ANYBODY LOOKING TO TAKE ME OUT ISN'T GOING TO HAVE TO DO MUCH THINKING BEFORE THEY REALIZE THAT ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS HIT THIS!

HMM...

THEY WOULD HAVE TO *"HIT"* IT WITH...WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM CONVENTIONAL--OR *UNCONVENTIONAL*, FOR THAT MATTER--WEAPONS.

IT IS *UNBREAKABLE.*

ADAMANTIUM?

NO, BUT SOMETHING COMPARABLE.

CARBONADIUM.

CARBONADIUM...?

HOW...?

YOUR FRIEND PROVIDED ME WITH A SYNTHESIZER THAT--

SON OF A...

HE *TOOK* IT!

MY *"FRIEND"?!*

THIS STUFF IS *RADIOACTIVE! IT EATS YOU ALIVE!*

HOW DO I GET IT OFF?

"YOU CAN'T."

EPILOGUE:

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ORGANIC FOOD MARKET seeks sunny spririt. No experience required. Apply in person at Colson Family Market on 9th.

"TIME TO SETTLE UP..."

"...BUS STATION/ LOCKER 93."

93

BUCKY,

I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHO AND WHEN.

END